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Narrative Paper

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Audience: College students/adolescents

The Drink that Almost Killed Me

The sound of a muffled voice floated around my head as my eyes fluttered open and shut. The room was cold and unfamiliar and the smell of alcohol overwhelmed my senses. Two blurry figures beside me, with tears streaming down their faces, hunched in embrace. My mom leaned in my dad’s arms. “Ya knew, I can unstand tha you meh not ovel me not more. I got it, I believe you can’t did this to you. Mine so sorro, zo, zo sorra” The words dribbled out of my mouth like an infant’s first words. My mom cried harder. As hours passed, I was able to grasp the concept that I was in the emergency room. And slowly, the events of the night started to flood my mind….

“Yo, pass it this way dude.”

“No man, I packed it, I get greens.”

Inhaling deeply, my friend Randy looked over towards me as the bowl ripped. He blew out the smoke in his mouth and passed the piece to me. After already toking up on 3 bowl packs, there was no doubt I was floating high in the sky. Still, I held the carb, flicked the lighter and took a hit. As I looked up in the night sky, I began to count the stars. “36…37…48…50. Guys there’s a shit ton of stars up there, I feel like I could just reach up and touch ‘em.” We decided to walk down to the playground to meet the rest of our friends. My best friend Lauren and I decided to go down the big slide. She led the way, unleashing her loud echo the whole ride down. I followed close behind, but got lost in the darkness of the never-ending tunnel. I began to see a sprinkle of light towards an opening at the end of a slide.

Thud. I ate shit. Hard. My face was planted into the woodchips at the bottom of the twisty dark tunnel and all of my friends were hysterically laughing. In lieu of injuring myself any further, we left the playground with hopes of catching the end of our friend’s end-of-summer throw down. It was two days before the start of my senior year and the smell of impending schoolwork lingered in the air. So naturally, we were celebrating around a campfire, complete with mixed drinks. I had been the chauffer that night, so I passed on the very tempting Vladimir vodka. Seeing the slight disappointment on my face my friend Amanda offered to drive us home in my trusty Camry so I could indulge in a few drinks. Driving each other’s cars home was not an uncommon practice for our group of friends, so I thought nothing of it. My mind was clouded with smoke and I was not in a state to make proper decisions, so obviously, I accepted the offer with much appreciation. As I approached the box, which contained the alcohol and lemonade, I realized that it now only contained alcohol. My only choice was straight shots. I brought back a cup of alcohol to sip on as my friends stumbled around the fire dancing. Everyone seemed to be having a great time. What a great way to end summer.

Next to me, Tyler held the rest of the vodka in a water bottle. Jokingly, he turned to his friend and said, “Dare me to chug this?” Naturally his friends laughed and said, “Yeah do it!” Knowing they were all kidding, I looked over through my glassy eyes and said, “You won’t dude. I’ll do it.” And down it went. Every last burning drop. At this point, I was completely immune to its paint-thinner taste. I looked through the flames toward my friends. Silence. Silence and stares. Everyone but me seemed to be aware that what I had just done was not only stupid but possibly deadly. I leaned over the plastic lawn chair and flipped to the floor. I resumed counting my stars. My friend Jon immediately scooped my limp body off of the ground and carried me off to my car. “Hey you you you know you know. Jon I’m…” The stars all went away, and I went black.

Beep. Beep. Beep….”I’ll give her 2 more minutes. But then we’ll have to ensue.” The doctor’s voice was the first thing I heard as I opened my bloodshot eyes. I woke up to my parents’ teary eyes staring at me. Fanfuckingtastic. I was in the hospital…drunk. Oh, and high. It was my worst nightmare. After a few more hours, I was released from the emergency room, but not before I drank some delicious charcoal to induce vomiting. Yum. I dazedly stumbled out of the room and walked to my mother’s car. I looked up, and the stars didn’t seem so bright anymore. I lost all desire to count them. It was the longest 10-minute ride of my life. As we slowly pulled into my driveway, the car was stale with silence and tension. She said nothing, and for once, I too had nothing to say.

I awoke the next morning and looked sharply around the room. Was last night a bad dream? Did that really happen? Or was I going to go downstairs and have a nice Sunday breakfast with my family like usual. Left over adhesive from the IV bandage on the crook of my left arm caught my attention. It was a nightmare all right, but I was living it. I creeped down the stairs, hoping I could have a few minutes alone to collect my thoughts before I had to speak to my parents, but I was double-teamed as soon as I stepped in the kitchen. We began to discuss the happenings of last night, which, for me, was mostly all new information considering I did not remember anything.

I was then informed that my friends drove me to Amanda’s house and attempted to drag me into her house so I could sleep there instead of going home, but her mom saw me and knew immediately I needed medical attention. Lauren had to call my mom, who promptly arrived with Lauren’s mom to drive me to the hospital. As the mortifying details of the night unraveled, the waterworks let loose. I am by no means an emotional person, but one thing that does hit me hard is guilt. And let me tell you, you cannot feel any worse about yourself than when your mom sits in front of you crying and says, “You know, you’re a real asshole. I just don’t even know who you are anymore.”

And she was right. Prior to the previous night, there was a lot of sneaking around and being very distant from my family. Lying was not just a means of getting out of things; it had become a lifestyle for me. But with one visit to the hospital, all of my secrets were out. The disappointment my parents felt was unimaginable and I was disgusted with myself. They knew every little thing about me now, because my life was in their hands. Literally. They confiscated my phone, and naturally took a very detailed look through it. They were horrified. Lies, alcohol, drugs, boys. Everything they don’t want for their 17-year-old daughter. My parents couldn’t stand to look at me. All of the other parents knew what had happened and pitied my parents. They were embarrassed to call me their daughter. And these were only the beginning consequences. For the next 2 and a half weeks, I barely ate, slept, or smiled. I began to have trouble in school and suffered from related health issues. After spending one full day throwing up practically every 15 minutes on the dot, I had to go to school. So I climbed aboard that thing called a school bus and found a seat right up front with all the other underclassmen that could not yet drive. I was the only senior on the bus, and everyone knew it. At school, I had to use the bathroom at least twice a class because I was on the verge of vomiting. It was a two-day hangover and it is the most sick I have ever felt in my life. I introduced myself to all my teachers with my pale, sickly face and they all said the same thing, “Oh, Hunny, are you all right? You don’t look so well.” I told them all I was just getting over the flu. Another lie. Just as I thought my day could not get any worse, the last bell rang and I realized I had to go home. Suddenly I wish the school day lasted a little longer.

Days went by and it was the same routine. School, homework, dinner, homework, bed. Occasionally my dad would let me mow the lawn to get some fresh air. I looked forward to days like those. But eventually, we realized the only way to get past what had happened, was to simply stop talking about it. And we did. Conversations took a turn for the more positive. Baseball became a returning topic at dinner, my dad and I would have catches outside, and soon I was even allowed to have friends over. I was still grounded for months, but it gave me time to build a stronger foundation for a relationship with my family. One that wasn’t based on lies and fake emotions. I truly began to change everything about my life at home, and it felt great.

I began to realize relationship you choose to establish with your parents is very important. But it is more important to know that you can ruin it within a matter of hours, and can never get it back. I lost the trust and approval of my parents within a night, as my life had slowly evolved into something that I began to lose control of. Its amazing how one action can affect not only you, but also those you love, for the rest of your life…